SAVED BY A MYSTERY.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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The incident I am to relate belongs to a class entirely inexplicable by any law known to us, and therefore rightly to be assigned to the realm of accident or coincidence. Yet experience of similar occurrences is so far from being uncommon, and the accident and coincidence theories are so ludricously inadequate to account for many of them, that our wise men-or wiseacres-are beginning to be somewhat cautious in dismissing them thus, and now mutter darkly about obscure cerebral phenomena not as yet completely reduced to scientific classification. That solemn "not as yet" makes me smile; it is the heels of science disappearing over the back yard fence of nature, scared into imbecility by the sound of the voice of approaching spiritual revelation. Here is an example of the phenomena in question, at first hand,



the data of the problem and then solve it if you can. I hold no brief from either side, though I may have my own private opinion on such matters.

The heroine of the tale is a young lady born in New York, and whose name for present purposes shall be Imogen. She is present purposes snan be imogen. She is nineteen years old, sensible, healthy and pretty. A discrepancy of thirty years in our ages and some other circumstances have prevented my sentiments toward her from proceeding beyond the boundaries of confidential friendship, but so far they are satisfactory to us both. I was one of the very first to be admitted to the startling revelation of her partiality for Mr. Thomas Sedley, jr., the progress of which I had been observing with interest and sympathy for at least a month before they then thy for at least a month before they them-selves discovered it. When, a little later,

thy for at least a month before they themselves discovered it. When, a little later, she confided it to me, I exclaimed dramatically: "No! You can't mean it! Tom Sedley? Good heavens! how could I have been so blind?" But the beloved little creature never suspected me, and then I congratulated her.

Though essential to the story, and in himself an excellent young fellow, lately settled here to see how soon he can make a fortune in early vegetables for the New York winter market, Tom does not make much of a personal appearance here; so I will only remark that he is a manly looking young chap, steady in his habits, sound in his morals and of solld, though not dazzling, intelligence. He can afford to lose a good deal of money on that farm, and yet be able to keep a good wife in comfort. He is an Englishman by birth, an American by adoption and a Jamaican by personal predilection. And now to business.

Imogen has been residing here for a year past, because her father had a stroke of paralysis, and the doctor recommended this climate. They took a house near where I live; and I wish I had space to give a nic-

har ever been my fortune to come in contact with. He is constantly emitting startling but unexpected truth in the most exhibitanting and inimitable phraseology; he is a widower, and Imogen is his only child. I doubt whether he likes Tom quite as well as I do; but it is possible, on the other hard, that he may like Imogen even a little better than I. With this brief introduction, I relegate him with regret to the background.

A month ago, at 7 o'clock in the morning. I was leaning on my gate looking up and down the road, and telling myself, for the three bundredth time at least, that this was the most delectable climate and the most texquisite scenery in the world. Anon, I heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and down along the winding avenue of broadleaved, dewy plantains, plumy bamboos and slender-towering palms, came riding in her white linen blouse and habit the charming figure of the blooming young Imogen. She was on a canter, and only smiled and waved her whip at me in greeting as she passed. I knew very well where she was going, and why she looked so happy. Tom's estate was ten miles off; there was a certain four-corners at about half that distance, overshadowed by the boughs of an enormous fig tree, with a green carpet of pimento grass underneath, and a general suggestion of lovemaking and romance. A month ago, at 7 o'clock in the morning, grass underneath, and a general suggestion of lovemaking and romance. From there they could ride round by another way to a lovely prospect of the ocean and talk philosophy and that sort of thing. By the time second breakfast was ready, they would turn up at Imogen's house. They did this thrice a week—Monday, Thursday and Saturday. This was Saturday. a week-Monday, 1 This was Saturday,

Imogen passed out of sight, and I redmained snekling my cigar, in pleasing meditation. Happy youth! Glorious era of love
and hope! Gollen age of life and liberty!
With a sentimental suspiration I turned
away from the gate and was about to saunter back to my chair on the veranda when
I was arrested by a rapid galloping noise
up the road, whither Imogen had lately vanished. In a moment, 'o my surprise, the
girl reappeared, urzing her horse to full
speed, and with every sign of agitation and
alarm in her face and gesture. Her aspect
could hard y have more in contrast with the
confident felicity of a few minutes before.
She puled up, pale and panting, at my gate
"Get your horse and come with me!" she
cried out. "Something terrible is happening. Will you? Oh, please make haste! He
will be killed if we are too late. I will tell
you as we go." Imogen passed out of sight, and I red-

You as we go."
Of course I could not form the faintest or course I could not form the faintest conception of what was the matter. But I had no difficulty in perceiving that something was seriously wrong, and I lost no time in cross-questioning. As I started to run back to the nouse, I had an idea that Imagen's father had had another stroke of paralysis; but it at once struck me that that was impossible, since she could not have seen him between the time she passed me and now. In my prooccupation I almost ran under the lags of my norse, which was coming down the path with my groom most ran under the legs of my norse, which was coming down the path with my groom on his back, on his way to the heighboring town with my mail. Here was a stroke of luck to begin with!

"Down with you, Charles," said I. "Get the mule and go on with her. I want Mocha myself."

Charles, nimble but bewildered, dismounted, and held the brille while I swung myself into his place. I was not attired in myself."

ed, and held the bridle while I swung myself into his place. I was not attired in my
usual equestrian costume, though I had
fortunately discarded my pajamas earlier
than usual this moraling; but this was no
time for triffing. Charles made a drive to
open the gate.

"A rope-we must have a rope!" exclaimed Imogen, whose mare was dancing
about in the road, inspired with the contagion of her mistress' mysterious excitement.

ment.

We had been cutting down trees the day before, and had used a longish bit of rope to pull them down with after the ax had done its work. "Hanging on the peg by the done its work "Hanging on the peg by the deor of the coach house. Charles," said I; but that intelligent African was already half way up the drive. He had a profound enthusiasm for Miss Imogen, and seemed to comprehend her wishes by intuition.

He was back with the rope nearly colled before I had time to ask what on earth she wanted it for; and in another moment we see a tall store arch all covered with the coacy and the road; and on the left we shall wanted it for; and in another moment we see a tall store arch all covered with the coacy and a second control of the way.

the direction opposite to the one she had set off on. But she evidently knew what she was about, or thought she did, and 1 bridled my curiosity and awaited her leisbridled my curiosity and awated her leisure for an explanation. The stirrups were too short, but at the pace we were going there was no opportunity to change them. "How far is it, my dear?" I inquired at length, in the easy tone of the self-poised man of the world, whose composure is not to be ruffled by such a bagatelle as being snatched off on a mission of life and death between two whiffs of a cigar.

My words did not seem to reach her at first. She did not turn her face to me when she finally answered, with a shake of the head: "Oh, miles and miles; I don't know how far; I was never there before."

I tried to digest this reply, but could make nothing of it. Presently I ventured again: "We are taking the best route, I suppose? I am familiar with some short cuts through these woods, and if I knew our destination—"

"I know the way." she interrupted me: ure for an explanation. The stirrups were

cuts through these woods, and if I knew our destination—"
"I know the way," she interrupted me;
"I can't tell how I know it; it is in my mind; I saw it all—in that instant—and I can make no mistake. Oh, Tom—Tom!"
"Oh, it's Tom—Tom, is it?" said I to my-self. "Well, I might have divined that before. Of course, it could only be Tom. But what can be the trouble with Tom? And how can she know of his being in any trouble? She couldn't have seen him or heard from him between the time she passed me first and her return. Then why—and—what—and where—? There is something peculiar in this affair. The little girl can't suddenly have gone crazy; she isn't

thing peculiar in this affair. The little girl can't suddenly have gone crazy; she isn't that sort of girl. No-but there is something peculiar. Well, it will come out in due time. Tom, eh?"

Imogene, meanwhile, riding at my left hand, had been going at a sharp canter; she now suddenly pulled up, and, as I rode past her, turned to the right, and went straight into the forest. So, at least, I at first thought; but when I followed her I found there were traces of a path, but it had been so little used as to be well-night invisible. I knew the woods hereabouts pretty well, for I am fond of exploration; but I knew nothing of this, and I was sure Imogen did not, for she hated anything that interfered with rapid progress, and uniformly kept to the higher of the sure feature for the higher of the seature for the sure feature for the higher of the sure feature for the sure feature and the sure feature for the sure feature for the sure feature for the sure feature for the sure feature feature feature for the sure feature fea with rapid progress, and uniformly kept to the highroads. Yet here she was forcing

to the highroads. Yet here she was forcing her way through the underbrush and over the uneven ground as if she were familiar with the route from her infancy upward. Peculiar, decidedly!

The nature of the footing, not to mention the branches and vines that often barred our way, made a slower pace necessary, and I seized the opportunity, first to lengthen my stirrups and next for an explanation.

lengthen my stirrups and next for an explanation.
"Let us understand each other, Imogen," I said, with an authoritative seriousness such as I judged best adapted to the exigencies of the occasion. "If we are to achieve our mission, you must tell me everything. Intelligent co-peration would otherwise be impossible. Where are we bound, and what is it we have 'o do? Let me know all you know yourself."

Conversation on horseback in a thick tropic forest is a difficult art. Unimportant words are joited out of you as if they were

tropic forest is a difficult art. Unimportant words are joited out of you as if they were the culmination of your theme, and the really important phrases are apt to be impaired in their effect by the slapping of a bunch of leaves over the mouth of the speaker, or the banging of a branch on the listener's ear. In the present case, too, Imogen herself was far from being logically coherent in her statements; and upon the whole I shall not attempt to reproduce our diologue precisely as it occurred. But the gist of it shall be given faithfully. "You know that place just beyond your gate," said she, "where you get the view of the Blue mountains? Well, I stopped to look at that for a moment, for it was unusually clear today, and I was a little ahead of time, anyway, and I was just thinking

usually clear today, and I was a little ahead of time, anyway, and I was just thinking how beautiful it was, when all at once, I was not seeing that view at all, but a place in the heart of the woods, and a man riding along a narrow path, down a steep slope. It was Tom. This was not a vision, you know; I was really there, and saw him. And down at the foot of the slope, I saw some dark greetures lying in wait; I could some the course of the slope of the slope. And down at the foot of the slope, I saw some dark creatures lying in wait; I could not see them distinctly, for they kept hidden all they could; but I knew they were going to rob him, and perhaps kill him. I called out to tell him, but my voice went into nothing—it was less than a whisper; and he did not hear. I could not move forward, either. In that way, it was like some kind of dream, but it was tot a dream, it ward, either. In that way, it was like some kind of dream; but it was not a dream; it was a real thing. What is strange, was that the creatures lying in wait were talking together quite loud, in a confused language I could not understand, and Torn must have heard them, but he paid no attention; he oidn't know they meant to kill him, as I did. He might easily have seen them, too, and perhaps he did, but he went right on just the same; he never thinks of

his morals and of solid, though not dazzling, intelligence. He can afford to lose a
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I doubt whether he likes Tom quitte as well of them, and I saw them leaping down be

of them, and I saw them leaping down be-fore, and pushing along behind, and dancing about on each side, making that strange noise—On!"
"Come, now, none of that!" exclaimed I, sternly, knowing the importance of check-ing any signs of breaking down at the start "Tell me what happened next." CHAPTER II.

"They pulled him off his saddle," said she, 'but he still kept hold of the bridle, and there was a struggle, and the headstall came off the horse's head and Tom was carried off with the bridle in his hand and the headstall attached to it. Oh. how Tom did fight them! It was magnificent. He is as strong as a lion, you know, and active and brave; but it was no use, there were too many of them. They all went fighting down toward the pit. A sort of roaring noise came from it. At the brink of it there was a final struggle; they pushed him over, but the headstall caught on a point of rock that stuck up at the mouth of the pit like a great black tooth, and Tom still held to the bridle, so that when he went over he did not fail to the bottom, but hung there by the bridle, dangling over the pit. They cannot reach him where he is, and as long as he can hold on he is safe. But if them! It was magnificent. He is as strong

They cannot reach him where he is, and as long as he can hold on he is safe. But if the headstall breaks or he gets tired and lets go, he is lost."

Here was a queer state of things, indeed! Was it fancy or fact? The details were grotesque and fantastle—one might say impossible; but the conviction of Imogene's manner and the vividness with which she described the arrivade were too interest and described the episode were too intense and



"Come, now, none of that," I exclaim-

contagious to admit of skepticism. Com-mon sense condemned the story as absurd, but another sense, of which I am happy to believe I possess a small share, warned

me to postpone my opinion.

"What else did you see?" I asked.

"It all disappeared then as quickly as it came," she replied. "I was sitting on my horse in the read, with the Blue mountains across the valley in the distance. But I krew what I must do, and that you would help me."

help me."
"But how did Tom happen to be in the "But now fid from happen to be in the place you describe? Is it on the way to the place where you were to meet him?"
"No. I don't know or understand anything about that. But he is there and we must save him."

must save him."
"And you are sure that we are following

wanted it for; and in another moment we see a tall stone arch, all covered with were off. To my further perplexity we took cactuses and wild pines, and with a big

black ants' nest in one corner. We shall turn to the right and go down a steep slope, and at the foot of it is the trunk of a great silk cotton fallen right across the path, but it is all rotten, and our horses will kick it into powder—there is the arch!"

She broke off and pointed with her whip. Sure enough, there was the arch, and the ants' nest, too. After this I turned meekly to the right and followed my guide down the slope and kicked my way through the rotten trunk of the silk cotton without feeling the least surprise. A dozen years must have elapsed since the last human being had passed this way.

There could no longer be any doubt that we were going to see the rest of the adverse of the adverse

we were going to see the rest of the adventure according to schedule, and when I considered the strange rabble of thieves and murderers which Imogen had so pic-



"He's There!" she said.

turesquely portrayed, I could not help thinking that a revolver would have been quite as useful an ingredient in the com-ing melee as the rope would be. We might have made shift with liana for a rope, but there is nothing that can take the place of a good seven-shooter, such as was at that moment lying laoded in my bureau drawer at home. Imogen may have supposed that all men at all times carried revolvers, as a matter of course, just as they

wear a necktie or suspenders.
"My dear," said I, "when we begin to get "My dear," said I, "when we begin to get near the place you must let me know, and I will go in advance and see that all is clear. If there should be any trouble, you know, you could be of no use, and might

know, you could be of no use, and might be very much in the way."

Scarcely had I offered this altruistic sug-gestion—which indicated, I think, quite as valiant a soul as-ever Tom could lay claim to, though, of course, I never got any credit for it—than Imogen uttered a cry and was off like a deer along the path in front of me. I sourced after her with an unpleasant sen-I spurred after her with an unpleasant sen I spurred after her with an unpleasant sen-sation of anxiety, mixed with invincible curiosity. The path we had been following debouched into another, which was evident-ly in common use; its was cleared of vegeta-tion and the footing was red clay, in which I noticed the footprints, not only of Imogen's mare, but of another horse, as well. At the same moment the roaring of a river became distinctly audible, and I remembered that distinctly audible, and I remembered that the heavy rains of the preceding days had swollen all the neighboring streams, and doubtless this one was "down," as they call

it, also.
Down galloped Imogen to the margin of the turbid current, with me at her heels. At the brink she pulled up and looked this way

the brink she pulled up and looked this way and that in manifest perplexity. For the first time since we set out on our pilgrimage she was at fault.

"We can't cross that," I observed. "He can't have crossed it, either. We have come out of our way. There must be a bridge somewhere. This is ordinarily a ford, you see; but the water is six or seven feet deep now and going ten miles an hour."

now and going ten miles an hour."

"But this is the place itself!" cried she.
"This is where the ight was. This is just the spot where they set upon him and dragged him off his horse. But the river! how did that get here?"
The river looked to me as if it had been The river looked to me as if it had been there a long time, but I forebore to make the remark aloud. Moreover, I began to put two and two together; I jumped off my horse, gathered up the rope and set off along the bank down stream.

Jamaica is, topographically and geologically, one of the queerest places on the plan-



I Shaded My Eyes With My Hands and Looked Over.

et. It is, so to say, a double-decker island; it has an external superficies, clothed with imortal green and diversified with peaks and ravines; and below there is another subterranean world, hidden from the light of day, to which grow to be the contractions. terranean world, hidden from the light of day, in which grow stalactites and stalag-mites, and where bats take the place of birds. Caves and sinkholes here and there afford entrance to this lower region; and it occasionally happens that a stream, in the midst of its career, suddenly disappears down one of these unexplored holes and is seen no more, or perhaps emerges miles away and continues its course as if nothing

away and continues its course as if nothing had happened.

Now, although I knew nothing of this particular river, it had occurred to me, in a flash of inspiration, that it might be one of the jack-in-the-box species, and that our friend Tom, having rashly attempted the ford, had been swept off his feet and carried down to the abyss. It was true that Imogen, in her vision, or whatever it was, had seen the tumultuous torrent in the guise of a band of howling robbers and murderers; but that was much less sur-

murderers; but that was much less sur-prising than that she had seen anything at all, and the thing to be done now was to act upon such light as we had.

I had not made a dozen yards through the tangled growth that bearded the banks when I heard her behind me. I would rather she had stayed behind for it was when I heard her behind me. I would rather she had stayed behind, for it was possible that the adventure might have a tragic ending; but she was not the girl to sit inactive under such circumstances. She had reached the end of her initiative, however, and the leadership now rested with

me. We fought our way along in silence for we fought our way along in silence for about ten minutes. A hollow sound, au-dible from the first, had grown stronger and stronger, above the rush and tumult of the torrent. Now the channel of the stream narrowed, and its banks became mere masses of nearly naked rock, through which the yellow waters boiled and foamed like the rands of a ministure Niceson. which the yellow waters boiled and foamed like the rapids of a miniature Niagara. We crawled around a huge bowlder, and beheld a sight worth seeing. An archway of black rock spanned the current; above it was the apparently solid earth, with ancient trees growing upon its surface; below was a black vault, like the yawning mouth of some nameless monster of Textrans Like some nameless monster of Tartarus. Into this bottomless maw leaped headlong the whole mass of waters, and were utterly swallowed up, with a long-drawn, caverswallowed up, with a long-drawn, cavernous roar, appalling to hear. But just at the lip of the fall a peak of jagged rock thrust itself above the swirl of the rapids, like a tusk in the monster's jaw, and divided the stream right and left. Imogen grasped my arm convulsively.

"He's there," she said, in an intense whisper, "See-the headstall is round the rock. We shall save him!"

Looking more parrowly. I perceived in

rock. We shall save him!"
Looking more narrowly, I perceived in fact something hitched round the tusk, which might have been some part of a horse's harness; it resembled a headstall as much as anything. The loop of the bridle (if it were still attached to it) was, of course, out of sight on the other side. Was Tom hanging to it? My heart migave me; it was a desperate chance, to say the best of it.

By getting on the top of the arch, it would be possible to look down into the would be possible to look down into the abyss and determine whether the young

and myself hat down on my stomach and peered over.

The sun, in the first quarter of his assent, was right opposite me us I lay, and it was some time before I could make out anything but darkness in the gulf below me. The water swept to the shining brink and went over it in endless movement, producing an illusion as if the solid rock on which I lay were careering swiftly up stream. But nothing defined itself within there. I shaded my eyes with my hands something," he went on, with a laugh; "but I suppose it was just a sort of accident. Funny, though, wasn't it?"

"One of those accidents that will sometimes occur in the best regulated love affairs. But tell me, Tom, how did you happen to get into this scrape? Why didn't you go to meet Imogen in the usual way, instead of coming round here and giving us all this work? It was something of a risk, after all, and next time the accident theory might not connect."

"Oh, that was only that I wanted to ride over to June Pen, to look at some cattle that were offered me there, and I figured it

stream. But nothing defined itself within there. I shaded my eyes with my hands and gazed more intently.

The body of water was, as I have said, parted in twain by the peak of rock standing just at the plunge, and judging by the angle at which the two streams separated. there must be a space on the inner side of the peak comparatively free from anything more than spray. There a man might hang without being drowned, but the time that even a practiced athlete could support him-

without being drowned, but the time that even a practiced athlete could support himself in air at the end of a bridle must be strictly limited, and was to be counted by minutes rather than hours. Now, it was nearly two hours since Imagen and I had set forth on our expedition.

That the object hitched over the peak of rock was actually the headstall was now plain. Imagen had been right. And it could now be seen that the bridle was attached to it. I could follow the strip of leather with my eye for several inches, when it was obscured by the darkness of the cavity. But scarcely had my hopes been raised by this discovery than they were overthrown by another. Had a man's weight been depending from a bridle, there would be a severe strain upon it, which could not fail to be noticeable from my position. But alas! the bridle hung quite loose, and too evidently supported no weight at all.

From this fact I could draw but one conclusion—namely, that my ill-fated young friend, supposing the bridle to be his, and that his descent into the depths had been momentarily arrested by it—had been forced to relinquish his hold, and was by this time miles below us, hastening through unimaginable corridors of the earth's crust on his way to the central planetary fires.

Poor fellow! So Imagene's mystic perception had not availed us to save him, though it might afford us such satisfaction as would assist in being able to certify

eption had not availed us to save him bough it might afford us such satisfacthough it might abord us such satisfac-tion as would assist in being able to certify to his fate. As this melancholy conviction impressed itself upon me, I turned to look at my companion, expecting, yet dreading, to see it reflected in her face. But she was no longer beside me.

CHAPTER III.

Greatly startled, I jumped to my feet, and was immediately relieved by seeing her coming out of the thicket behind, with a long rod in her hands, having at one end a hook or barb formed by the base of a twig which had been broken off. Her expression, as she met my glance, was full of purpose and energy, but showed no symptoms of despair. What did the girl mean to do? Was she going to fish for her lover with that absurd instrument?

She came quickly up and said something in a rapid tone, but owing to the noise made by the water I could not distinguish

what it was. She threw herself down apon the brink, with the rod in her right hand, and, reaching over, began to make passes at the headstall, with the object of catch-ing the barb in it. I thought I divined her reason. It was to examine the headstall at close quarters, so as to determine (as she would doubtless be able to do) whether it were Tom's or not. She was not going to give him up for lost until she was certain that he had been carried over the falls. A very sensible precaution. It also now occurred to me-strange I had not thought of it before—that perhaps Tom had got safe ashore and only his horse had gone down to perdition. Obviously, it was yet too soon to despair.

I was wrong in all my surmises, as the event proved. Imogen had never doubted reason. It was to examine the headstall

I was wrong in all my surmises, as the event proved. Imogen had never doubted that Tom was in the hole, or that we should get him safe out again. She fished away, and presently succeeded in catching the hook in the angle of the bit. Then she hauled in.

What was my astonishment to see the headstall terked quickly back to its origi-

What was my astonishment to see the headstall jerked quickly back to its original position. It was not the action of the water which had done this, but some human agency. Imogen turned to me with a triumphant smile. She put her mouth to my ear and shouted out: "It's all right. He knows we are here, now, Get the rope and lower it down so he can fasten himself to it."

Though utterly unable to account for what had happened. I seized the rope, which was upwards of thirty feet in length. At a distance of ten feet behind us a stout young tree was growing, with a smooth trunk some seven inches in diameter. I took a hitch round this with one end of the rope, and carefully let the other drop over the edge of the rock. The strong current of air which was carried into the abyss by the rush of water caused the loose end of the rope to incline inward, and I had little difficulty in so directing it that it fell just behind the peak of rock to which t fell just behind the peak of rock to which it fell just behind the peak of rock to which the bridle hung. It went out of sight; but the next moment I had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling it caught and strong-ly pulled downward. I payed it out, and had used up all but a few feet of the slack, when the pull ceased and certain irregular movements seemed to indicate that the person at the other end was making him-self fast to it.

person at the other end was making min-self fast to it.

In a couple of minutes a sharp jerk an-nounced that he was ready. Now came the most difficult and critical part of the operation. Availing ouresives of the pur-chase afforded by the tree, we had to haul chase afforded by the tree, we had to had a solid young man up through a distance of at least seven or eight feet and over the rough edge of the arch. If he got stuck on the way, or if the rope broke, he was lost beyond peradventure. But I am anxious the state of the role of the ro lost beyond peradventure. But I am anxious to save you as much as possible of the anxiety which we couldn't escape; and, in brief, after five minutes of the hardest kind of work, in which Imogen took her full share, we enjoyed the unforgetable sensation of seeing the head of honest Thomas Sedley arise like a new sun above the horizon of the arch. Another desperate haul, a frantic generable or resident and the sense of the second of a frantic scramble or two, and lo! he lay gasping before us like a new-landed fish, drenched, draggled, torn and breathless, but allve and, with the exception of a few scratches and bruises, quite uninjured.

Imogen and I were nearly or quite as much exhausted as he; but I retained enough self-corosciousness to remember that the two lovers might have some private information to impart to each other, and in order that they might do so without delay or embarrassment I muttered something about looking after the horses and staggered away in that direction. I remained away half an hour. Then I beheld them approaching, arm in arm, absorbed in each other and having evidently totally forgotten my existence. But the sensitive gratitude and consideration of young people in their position is proverbial. I had been too often surprised already that morning to feel any surprise at that. Besides, I had, after all, done nathing except to pull on a rope; it was Imogen, and she nformation to impart to each other, and pull on a rope; it was Imogen, and she only, who had saved Master Thomas.

only, who had saved master rhomas.
"Well, Tom," said I, as they came up, "you are looking a bit off color, my foy. Is it in such attire that you are wont to ride forth to meet your lady love? And where, now I think of it, is your horse? Is that the enchanted bridle of Bellerophon that you carry, and are you looking for the winged steed? or were it not more fittingt that you put the the birdle to the fair Imagen?"

Tom, as I have said, was bornin England, and seldom achieved a comprehension of what we Americans are pleased to regard as pleasantry. He gave a short laugh and said.

said:
"Oh, my horse, poor beast, ggt carried over the falls, you krow. By Jove, I had a narrow squeak of it myself, rather! If the headstall hadn't come off it would have been all day with me, I weuldn't wonder! And then, don't you know, just as I was being swept round that bit of rock that stands by there you know, the tackle carety. up there, you know, the tackle caught on it somehow, and I kept a grip on it, and the rext moment, by Jove, there I was!-all right, except that I couldn't get out again,

right, except that I couldn't get out again, that's to say."

"Oh, you were there, were you? I see! and where, pray, was that?"

"Why, down below, on the other side. The water doesn't come there, don't you see? And there is a sort of ledge or something down there where a fellow can sit down, with his legs hanging over, and be quite comfy. So when I found I couldn't crawl out, why, I just squatted down there and made the best of it, as you might say. It's rather a nasty place, though—it is, really."

"You don't say so? Well! well! And you just sat here and let the bridle hang slack just sat here and let the bridle hang slack man were there. I glanced at Imogen, seeking for some pretext to induce her to stay where she was; for my expectations of a line—we thought we were angling for you,

told her, you know; and, in fact, I didn't know myself till I got there. You Yankee girls are clever," sighed he, with a giance of complacent admiration at his beloved. "She tells me she had a presentiment or something," he went on, with a laugh; "but

Approaching Arm in Arm.

out on the man that I could take a bridle

path from there through the woods that would bring me to the four corners in time to meet Imogen at half-past eight. And

ounded river being down, you know. I'd sever thought of that. Of course, I was

ride on in advance and give Imogen's father of the appr

stant I was out of sight; but I am not less convinced that he declined the offer. As I have intimated, though Tom has his limi-tations, I feel very safe in trusting Imogen

to him.
I rode to Imogen's house, and told the

whole story to the old gentleman. He grunted, rubbed his nose, and gazed out at

grunted, runned his hose, and gazed out at me under his thick gray eyebrows. "Nothing miraculous in her seeing him, sir," he said, when I finished. "On the contrary, would have been miraculous if she hadn't. A truly spiritual love like hers

What do you call not long?" I in-

turned the old gentleman. "What you need, my good sir, is a stroke or two of paralysis to clear your brain. You're altogether too corroreal."

gether too corporeal!"
(The End.)

Would Bless the Hand That Saved Him: So Thousands of Men and Women Who Have Been Cured of Diseases, That Were Fast Robbing Them of Life, Now Thankfully Tell How Professor Munyon's Remedies Gave Them Health and Strength.

few doses, and within a very start the pletely cured."

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure never fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25c.

Munyon's Dyspersia Cure is guaranteed to cure all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles.

nyon's Catarrh Remedies positively cure Munyon's Catarrh Remedies positively cure. Price, 25c. cach.
Manyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, tolins and groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25c.
Munyon's Vitulizer restores lost powers to weak men. Price, \$1.00.
A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists. 25 cents a bottle.
Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with full medical advice for any disease without charge.

GOING TO SEE CUBANS FIGHT.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Eldest to Be Campos' Guest.

If the fates give no son to the Duke of the dukedom and Blenheim Castle and a lot of miscellaneous titles and appurtebright young fellow who stepped off the Cunard steamship Etruria the other day, and looked around as if expecting to see Indians climbing stockades to grapple with first visit to this country.

The young man was Mr. W. Spencer

Churchill, eldest son of the brilliant Lord Randolph Churchill. The latter was the brother of the last Duke of Marlborough, and so Mr. Churchill and the present duke are cousins. Blenheim and its title in one I'd is stance descended through the female line, never thought of that. Of course, I was bound to get across, if I could, sooner than go back, but my horse was swimming the first thing I knew, and then I knew I was in for it. I fancy I'd have been late, though," he added, looking at Imogen. "I'd have had a good six miles to go after getting across, and I hadn't been in that hole long when you two got here."

This statement aroused my curiosity afreeh.

was one of those rare persons, an English "Well, Imogen," said I, "you certainly are smart, even for a Yankee girl. Almost any of them, I suppose, could have seen the unexpected and extraordinary peril in which her lover lay in the heart of a track-less forcest a dozen miles away, that he

"A life of ease is a difficult pursuit," says Cowper. Perhaps he meant that it is a hard thing to catch.

There are 14,000,000 clocks in this country, and fifteen or twenty of them may be

things, my dear, and would you min't telling how it is done?"

Imogen—who, you will observe, had not spoken a word since she came up, but had sat feasting her eyes in inefible felicity upon her heroic Thomas, shook her head, smiled faintly, and replied: "I don't know. It seems like a dream, now. No, I never had anything like it before. I hope I never shall again. And he has promised me never to cross a river again except on a bridge. Would you mind letting him ride home on your horse? He's so thred I'm sure it will hurt him to walk."

There was in this request something so convincing of the reality of human love between the sexes, that I am sure I should have acceded to it without a murmur had some of the cloth mills will have to lie idle for a while. Ninety per cent thought and ten per cent

have acceded to it without a murmur had Tom permitted me to do so. But he loudly and scornfully declared that he was as fresh as a daisy, and a walk was just what he needed to prevent catching cold; hesides, nothing would induce him, he was kind enough to say to remit "an old man".

My heart were stone could it withstand

I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charms, And, opening wide the door, I took My laughing during in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity, I, like a truant child, shall wait The glories of a life to be, Beyond the Henvenly Father's gate?

The truant's supplicating cry, As at the outer door I plend, "'Tis I, O Father: only I?"

Descried His Bride.

A dispatch to the Globe-Democrat says Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Burke took the 8 o'clock train on the Consolidated road last evening for Winsted, Conn. While it was going forty miles an hour Burke leaped from the car. The train was stopped, and at the foot of an embankment was found the place where Burke landed, but no Burke. The train proceeded, and a posse, headed by Mrs. Burke, started back. Up to "What do you call not long?" I inquired.

In boys living in Burrville say they saw a man without any hat running down the tracks in the direction of Torrington. Last January Burke was to wed Miss Annound that been able to do what you say she did, she woudn't have been my daughter?"

But how about her seeing what had not taken place?" I persisted.

"What has time to do with love?" returned the old gentleman. "What you need, my good sir, is a stroke or two of paralysis to clear your brain, You're alto. midnight the man had not been found that time Burke has been trying to run away again. Mrs. Burke has been deserted at the altar on three different occasions.

He-"I wonder if that chair is big enough for two?" (inadvertently)-"Oh, yes; I know it is."

A Give Away.

A DYING MAN

RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE

In effect November 17, 1895.

10:30 A.M. PENNSTLVANIA LIMITED.—Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Smoking and Observation Care Harrisburg to Chicago, Chicinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cleveland and Toledo. Buffer Parlor Car to Harrisburg.

10:30 A.M. FAST LINE.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Parlor and Dining Cars, Harristurg to Pittsburg.

8:40 P.M. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS EXPRESS.—Pullman Buffet Parlor Car to Harrisburg. Sleeping and Dining Cars, Harrisburg to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Chicago.

7:10 P.M. WESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Chicago and Harrisburg to Cleveland. Dining Cars to Chicago.

7:10 P.M. SOUTHWESTERN EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car Harrisburg Concinnati.

10:40 P.M. PACIFIC EXPRESS.—Pullman Sleeping Car to Pittsburg.

7:50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Nigagar Fulls date. Joseph Burbank of 209 South 2d street, St. Louis ing Car to Pitusburg.

7.50 A.M. for Kane, Canandaigua, Rochester and Niagara Falis daily, except Sunday.

10:30 A.M. for Elmira and Renovo, daily except Surday.

For Williamsport daily, 3:40 P.M.

7:10 P.M. for Williamsport, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falis daily, except Saturday, with Seeping Car Washington to Suspension Bridge via Buffalo. Joseph Burbank of 209 South 2d street, St. Louis, Mo., soys: "I do not believe that any one suffered more than I from kidney and liver diseases. I also had a serious case of catarrh of the bladder. At last I became helpless and was confined to my bed. Doctors failed to help me, and I could not obtain relief. I passed gravel in small particles, and had about made up my mind to die. Finally as a last resort I began to use Munyou's Kidney and Liver Cure. I felt relieved after taking a few doses, and within a very short time was completely cured." Bornalo.

1-40 P.M. for Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls daily, Sleeping Car Washington to Elmira.

For Philadelptin, New York and the East.

60 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED." daily,

the New York World.

Marlborough, who was married last week, nances will descend to a very manly and settlers intrenched behind them. It is his

It stance descended through the female line, but those who are posted on the ways and manners of landed estates and titles in Ergland say that this can never happen again. So if Mariborough has no son Mr. Churchill will be some time duke.

The young man is a lieutenant in the Fourth Hussars, a crack regiment, of which every officer is a man distinguished ettler by wealth or blood. His mother is an American, nee Jerome, and as his father was one of those rare persons, an English-

"What do you call 'not long?" I inquired. "A couple of hours?"

"Oh, bles; me, it was nothing like that! I suppose it seemed longer to me than it really was; but it couldn't have been over fifteen or twenty minutes at the outside."

"Well, Imogen," said I, "you certainly the same of those rare persons, an Englishman with a sense of humor, Mr. Churchill, has plenty of fun in his composition. It hardly seems possible that nature has destined a man with humor in his composition to sit in the house of lords.

Mr. Churchill, with his chum, Mr. R. W.

which her lover lay in the heart of a trackless forest a dozen miles away; that is a very ordinary accomplishment. But it must be, I think, comparatively exceptional to be able to see all the details of an event a good two hours before they have taken place, and to get there blindfold in the nick of time to prevent the victim from getting bored. Are you in the habit of doing such things, my dear, and would you minitelling how it is done?"

Imogen—who, you will observe spoken a weak of the fighting. They have letters to Gen. Martinez Campos. They will be his guests for a month, and they will watch his tactics against the revolutionists.

Pensive Pencilings.

From the Somerville Journal.

A young woman has to love a very much spoken a weak of the fighting. They have letters to Gen. Martinez Campos. They will be his guests for a month, and they will watch his tactics against the revolutionists.

Pensive Pencilings. R. Barnes, also a lieutenant in the Fourth Hussars, got a two months' leave of ab-sence from the war office to go down to

If tight sleeves do come in fashion again

kind enough to say, to permit "an old man" like me to go afoot while he was in the saddle. So it was arranged that I should little of it in a lifetime. Imogen's father of the approach of the young people, while he walked beside Imo-gen's horse. I have no doubt that she did her best to persuade him to ride, the in-

I thought myself indeed secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But, lo! he toldling comes to lure My parent ear with timorous knock

The sweetness of my baby's plea-That timoreus, baby knocking and "Please let me in-it's only me."

And will that Heavenly Father heed

EUGENE FIELD.

Schedule in effect November 4, 1895.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C st.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited trains 11:80 a.m., 8:20 p.m.

For Cunchmati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited 3:45 p.m., Express 12:91 night.

For Pittsburg and Cleveland, Express daily 11:30 a.m., and 8:40 p.m.

For Lexington and Staunton, 11:30 a.m.

For Winchester and way stations, *5:30 p.m.

For Loray, Natural Bridge, Roanoke, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Memphis and New Orleans, 11:20 p.m. daily; Sleeping Cars through.

For Boltimore, week days, 5:00, 6:35, x7:00, x7:10, x8:00, 8:30, x9:30, x10:00, x11:30 a.m., r12:10, x12:30, 12:15, x3:00, 3:25, x4:23, 4:32, 25:05, x5:10, x5:30, x5:30, x6:20, 6:30, x8:03, x10:00, x11:30 n.m., x12:10, x12:30, 12:15, x3:00, x0, x3:30, x2:30, x10:00, x11:30 n.m., x12:10, x12:30, 12:15, x3:00, x0, x3:25, x4:23, x5:05, x5:10, 6:30, x8:00, x9:00, 10:00, x11:50 n.m., x12:01 night; Sundays, x7:00, x7:10, 8:30, x8:00, x8:00, x9:00, x1:20 night; Sundays, x7:00, x7:10, 8:30, x8:00, x1:00, x1:20 night; For Annapolis, 7:10 and 8:30 a.m., 12:15 and 4:28 p.m. Sundays, 8:30 a.m., 4:32 p.m.

For Frederick, 19:00, *9:30, *11:30 a.m., 11:15, *4:30, *5:30 p.m.

For Hagerstown, *11:30 a.m. and *5:30 p.m.

For Hagerstown, *11:30 a.m. and *5:30 p.m.

For Hagerstown, *11:30 a.m. and *5:30 p.m.

For Bod and way points, *9:40, 110:25 p.m.

For Washington Junction and way points, *9:00, *9:30, a.m., *12:50, *3:20, *4:33, *5:35, *7:50, *9:40, 10:25, *11:30 p.m.

For Hagerstown, *11:30 a.m. and *5:30 p.m.

For Bod and way points, *240, 110:25 p.m.

For Bod and way points, *9:00, 10:00, *9:00, *

FALL AND WINTER RESORTS

FOR SALE-BRIGHTON VILLA-LOCATED AT
Brighton Beach, Bay Ridge, Md., and the block
in which it stands, containing twenty iots, each
fox145. Brighton Villa is a commodious double
house containing thirteen rooms, and is so situated as to command an extensive and delightful
vew of the Chesap ake Bay. Suitable for a boarding house, club house or a private residence. For
further particulars apply to WASHINGTON DANENHOWER, 1411 G st. n.w. no9-2w

GALEN HALL—A SANATORIUM.

Atlantic City, N. J.

With all the conveniences of a first-class, quiet
hotel. Elevator, cream heat, open grate free;
massage, electricity, baths, etc. Table unexcelled.
Copen all the year. Address Dr. WM. H. H. BULL
823-tf

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE PENNHURST, MICHIGAN AVE. NEAR beach, Atlantic City, N.J. Open all the year. All conveniences, including electric elevator, steam heat, sun parlor. Special fall rates. JAS. HOOD, self-1041.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
The celebrated fall and winter resort by the sea,
HOTEL TRAYMORE.
Appointments and service first-class.
D. S. WHITE, Jr.,
Proprietor.

Fronting ocean, all improvements; 15th ceason; accommodates 200; terms moderate and reduced after September 1. S. KEMPE.

For Philadelphia, New York and the East.
4.00 P.M. "CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED." daily, all Parlor Cars, with Dining Car from Baltimore. Regular at 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00. 10:00 (Dining Car), and 11:00 (Dining Car from Wilminston) A.M., 12:45, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05 (Dining Car), 7:20, 9:00, 11:00 A.M. (Dining Car from Wilminston) A.M., 12:45, 3:15, 4:20, 6:40, 10:00 and 11:35 P.M. For Philadelphia only, Fast Express, 7:50 A.M. week days, Express, 12:15 week days, 2:01 and 5:40 P.M. daily. For Boston, without change, 7:50 A.M. week days, and 3:15 P.M. daily. For Boston, without change, 7:50 A.M. week days, and 3:15 P.M. daily. For Baltimore, 6:25, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 and 11:50 A.M., 12:15, 12:45, 2:01, 19:13, 3:40, (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 4:36, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40, 11:15 and 11:35 P.M. On Sunday, 7:05, 7:20, 9:00, 9:05, 7:30, 11:00 A.M., 12:15, 1:15, 2:01, 3:15, 3:40 (4:00 Limited), 4:20, 5:40, 6:05, 6:40, 7:10, 10:00, 10:40 and 11:35 P.M. For Pope's Creek Line, 7:20 A.M. and 4:36 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. and 4:20 P.M. daily, except Sunday. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. Atlantic Const Line, Express for Richmond, Jacksonville and Tamps 4:20 A.M. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. Atlantic Const Line, Express for Richmond, Jacksonville and Tamps 4:20 A.M. Sundays, 9:00 A.M. and 4:20 P.M.
Atlantic Coast Line. Express for Richmond, Jacksonville and Tampa, 4:30 A.M., 3:46 P.M. daily, Richmond and Atlanta, 8:40 P.M. daily, Richmond and Atlanta, 8:40 P.M. daily, Richmond only, 10:57 A.M. week days.
Accommodation for Quantico, 7:45 A.M. daily, and 4:25 P.M. week days.
For Alexandria, 4:30, 6:35, 7:45, 8:40, 9:45, 10:57, 6:15, 8:02, 10:10 and 11:39 P.M. On Sunday at 4:20, 7:45, 9:45, A.M., 2:45, 6:15, 8:02 and 10:10 P.M.

P.M.
Leave Alexandria for Washington, 6:05, 6:43, 7:05, 8:00, 9:10, 10:15, 10:28 A.M., 1:00, 2:15, 3:00, 8:23, 5:00, 5:30, 6:18, 7:00, 7:20, 9:10, 10:15, 3:00, 2:14, 10:10, 10:1

RAILROADS. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Station corner of 6th and B streets.

In effect November 17, 1895.

General Manager. General Passenger Age

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

cept Sunday.

Pullman locations and tickets at company's offices, 513 and 1421 Pennsylvania arenue.

H. W. FULLER,
no6 General Passenger Agent. SOUTHERN RAILWAY. (Piedmont Air Line.) Schedule in effect November 3, 1895.

Schedule in effect November 3, 1895.

All trains arrive and leave at Pennsylvania

8:00 A.M.—Daily—Local for Danville. Connects at

Manassas for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday, and
at Lynchburg with the Norfolk and Western daily,
and with C. & O. daily for Natural Bridge and
Clifton Force. Clifton Forge.

11:15 A.M.—Dally—The UNITED STATES FAST
MAIL carries Pullman Buffet Sleepers New York
and Washington to Jacksonville, uniting at Chanlotte with Pullman Sleeper for Augusta; also Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans via Montgomery, connecting at Atlanta with Pullman
Sleeper for Birmingham, Memphis and St. Louis.

4:01 F.M.—Local for Strasburg, daily, except Sunday.

Ninety per cent thought and ten per cent speech is a good safe rule for any one to follow.

At Jonkoping, Sweden, there is a monster machine, which makes 1,000,000 boxes of matches per day; but that doesn't help the man in the woods who wants to start a fire and hasn't one.

Few people are absolutely free from superstition. Like love, everybody gets at least a little of it in a lifetime.

The man who has put all his money into flying machines is disappointed when his riches do not take to themselves wings and fly away.

If there were no opposition to wearing bloomers on the bicycle, maybe the dear creatures wouldn't care to wear'em.

There are only thirty-three Masonic degrees, but the thermometer often takes nine-ty in the summer time.

At the Door.

I thought myself indeed secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But, lol he toddling comes to luce My sarred tear with thoreous froods.

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I thought myself indeed secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But, lol he toddling comes to luce My sarred tear with the form the south arrive at Wash

except Sungay, and one of the little structure of the little structure. Tickets, Sleeping Car reservation and information furnished at offices, 511 and 1300 Pennsylvania avenue, and at Pennsylvania Railroad Passenger Station.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent.

J. M. CUCP. Traffic Macaucet.

W. A. TURK, Converal Pussenger Agent.

14. S. BROWN, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept. BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. Schedule in effect November 4, 1895. Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C st.

FALL AND WINTER RESORTS

asbury park, N. J., "The Victoria."